

THE POET AND FATE IN COLLOQUY

Fate:
Singers who charmed the earth are dead;
Why singest thou to-day?

The Poet:
Because the laughing rose is red
And white the scented may
And newborn golden light is shed
On silver stream and bay.

Fate:
Thou dwellest mid a heedless race;
They worship naught but gold.

The Poet:
Yet will I lift a tearless face
Towards beauty, as of old.
Her boons of love, her gifts of grace,
Are won but by the bold.

Fate:
Shelley is dead, and Keats is gone
And who will lift the lute?

The Poet:
Though these be dead, the same strong sun
Still changes flower to fruit;
The birds' hearts waken, one by one;
So why should I be mute?

—George Barrow.



WHY THE MIEHLE FAMILY QUIT TOWN

CASPAR MIEHLE was a carpenter by trade and an idler by preference. He came to Old Town in the boom days of mining determined to strike it rich, and after fifteen years of desultory prospecting, intermittent carpentering and rather steady loafing around the Gem saloon he now found himself the more or less happy possessor of seven children, a scolding wife, a tumble-down shop and a general reputation for all-round worthlessness.

Fifteen years of incessant drudgery is calculated to sour the sweetest temper, but Mrs. Miehle might have toiled on in weary contentment if her oldest son had shown any signs of being a comfort or a help. But he didn't. He "took after" his father, and even improved on the latter's constitutional aversion for work. The boy's name was Jake, and from the time he learned to walk until he was fourteen years old his reputation was "ornery." For six months after he had achieved the art of walking he refused to take a step. When he had mastered the alphabet and learned to read his primer he began to play hooky, spending school hours fishing in the creek and lagging homeward only in time to sit at the evening meal.

The boy was sturdy of frame, mild of manner and quiet as an Indian. When other boys ran he walked; when they laughed, he smiled; when they talked, he listened. The quality of "poise" was all over him. He was as stubborn as a burro, and shared with that singular beast the characteristics that made toll, speed, mirth and enterprise abhorrent to them both. Fishing was his chief occupation till he was thirteen. Then he developed a



THEY FOUND HIM PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE BEETLING CANYON.

hereditary passion for prospecting, and passed half his days roaming slowly over the foothills and up the silent canyons, filling his ragged pockets with worthless bits of quartz, crystals that sparkled in vain and agates that he could barter for fishing tackle among the small boys of the town.

When he was fourteen he came across a pocket in the hills, from which he scraped and gathered a score of bright red pebbles. That evening he wandered stealthily into the village jewelry store and spread out his "find." "What they wuth?" he muttered to the proprietor.

The old man weighed them, washed them and held them to the lamp. "Tiffany'll give you fifty cents an ounce, Jake. Them is Rocky Mountain rubies."

The jeweler sent the stones to New York, and in two weeks Jake got his half-dollar. This incident proved to be the turning point in Jake's life. First he divided the money between his five little brothers and sisters, and then he bought a rubber rattle for the baby. That proved his possession of the rare and incomparable quality of selfishness. Second he got an unmerciful "lamming" from his mother, because she was sure he had stolen the money, and he wouldn't explain matters. This clinched his reputation for stubbornness and taciturnity, but it also had the effect of driving him into mute and deep-schemed rebellion. For days thereafter he moped about the town or sat on his father's dust-covered bench, dangling his legs and whistling softly to himself. If he felt any resentment against his mother he didn't show it by word or look. He watched her bending over the washtub and flipped gravel at the drying garments in the back yard till she gave him a cuff on the ear. But he was back to dinner, and at supper devoured more bacon and beans than all the other children together. Then he slunk down the main street with his brown hands deep in his pockets and his cap pulled over his eyes.

"Tain't no use bein' so played hard on Jake, mammy," said Caspar to his wife as he filled his pipe.

"I s'pose you want me to raise up a family o' jail birds," snapped the weary woman. "Lord knows that there lad is sp'iled now, an' the first thing we know he'll be robbin' a bank."

"But he never robbed nothin' He—"

"What'd he git them nickels he's been squanderin', then? Him lashin' money round like it grew on bushes, an' me slavin' an' slavin' to save a penny. It's a outrage, it—"

Here the poor woman burst into tears; all the children, as usual, joined in the doleful chorus, and Caspar, always evasive of trouble, took his hat and strolled over to the Gem to watch a game of stud poker. It was midnight when he got into his room and found that Jake wasn't in bed.

"Mammy," he bawled, "Jake's gone!"

"Let him go," piped the wife from the next room; "he'll git hongry 'fore he goes fur."

The boy didn't come home to breakfast, however. Noon passed without a word of him, and by dark the fretful but affectionate Mrs. Miehle was worried. Caspar started out to look for his son, and he did make a few inquiries en route to the Gem, but there he lingered till the game got "warm" and so forgot poor Jake. Meanwhile the boy's mother had scoured the town for him. She had found out about the rubies, and remorse for the unmerited trouncing she had given him intensified her grief over his departure. She could hardly wait for the sleepless night to pass, the second of his absence, and then she went to the marshal and enlisted his services. On Saturday the Clarion had in it "a piece" about the disappearance of Jake Miehle, and half the townfolk spent Sunday in the hills looking for him. On Monday the Mayor offered a reward of \$50 for information "leading to the safe return," etc., and Tuesday morning a party of searchers, headed by the carpenter and equipped with provisions for a week, set forth into mountains to look for Jake.

Seven miles as the crow flies from Old Town and twenty by the trail that scars the mountain sides, they saw Jake perched high above the beetling canon on a narrow shelf of red and yellow rock. From their station below the searchers roared his name, but the chorus of their voices did not move him.

"Come down here t'yer daddy, you young imp!" shrieked Caspar, but the little brown head did not move, and the men with Caspar held him back as he started to scale the rock.

"Let the marshal git him," they suggested, and the looks they cast upon the father were all pity.

The marshal clambered alone to Jake's dizzy aerial. The little fellow was sitting in a crevice in the rocks with his back against the trunk of a scrub oak tree. The greasy cap was pulled over his face, blackberry stains were on his sunken cheeks, and his ragged shirt and overalls hung in ribbons to his emaciated body. His skinny, brown fists were clinched and crossed on his lap and his body was as motionless as the rock upon which he sat.

The marshal tenderly lifted away the cap and gently shook the bony shoulder.

"Come, Jakey, are you alive?"

The sunken eyes slowly opened, and the boy stared weakly round. Then he looked down at his hands and unclenched them. In each lay a nugget as big as a walnut, and when he looked back at the marshal he smiled feebly and said:

"Free gold, ain't it?"

In a delirium of joy the big officer howled like a Comanche at his comrades. They literally "fell up" the face of the rock.

"Why didn't you come home?" roared Caspar, laughing and crying by turns.

"Tried it, daddy, but I was skeered I'd lose the mine," said the lad. "I found them nuggets in this hole, and I thought I'd better set here till you come."

He was sitting in a true fissure that proved the opening of the best mine in Rout County, and the Miehles have never since a day's hard work since—

John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Shrinkage in Values.

The eager poet wrapped it up carefully and set out for the city, where the leading magazine editors sat in judgment on such as his—or, rather, on such as might not hope to be quite as his; and it was night when he came to the city. At the hotel where he came to lodge he passed it to the clerk, with instructions to place it in the safe, where valuables were kept for security.

"What value?" the clerk inquired.

The poet's face flushed with pride.

"It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to place a value upon it, but—"

"Say two hundred?" suggested the busy and practical clerk.

"That is, perhaps, something of the sort they will place upon it," replied the poet, with a deprecatory curl of his lip. "Yes; say two hundred," and he signed.

The clerk checked it at two hundred and put it away in the safe. Next morning the poet arose, paid for his lodge, received it safely into his hands again and went forth. The afternoon was waning when the poet, looking wan and weary, stood again at the hotel desk, with it no longer with a large 1) in his hand.

"Ah!" said the clerk. "Care for it again? Same value, I suppose?"

"Well—er—ah—not exactly," said the poet, still eagerly, but of a different variety of eager. "I think—er—ah—what I was going to say, was—er—as a matter of fact—er—could you let me have half a dollar on it?"

The clerk said he couldn't hardly do it just then, and the poet took it and went back to his humble village, where he opened a tin shop and did quite well.—New York Times.

Coronation Rules.

The King has decided that Americans are not to be admitted to the coronation, even though they may come arrayed in gorgeous vestments and ropes of pearls and diamonds. The space in Westminster Abbey is limited. The pageant will be paid for by the British taxpayer, and until every taxpayer who may wish to view the ceremony finds a seat, there must be no admittance for the representatives—male or female—of foreign shoddydom. There is the more reason for insisting upon this if it be true, as asserted, that some of those who claim a right to be present are offering to sell their tickets in New York to the highest bidder.—London Truth.

How to Make Mueslin Toast.

Any rather stale bread that cuts into firm slices answers for this delicacy. The writer's first knowledge of this was at a dinner party at which each dish was perfect of its kind. When the cheese was passed, with it came this crisp, delicious toast, cooked at the moment of serving. The slices were cut literally "as thin as a wafer" and spread out to dry an hour or two before needed. They were finally spread out on a hot tin pan, popped on the top shelf of a quick oven long enough to curl up a little and take on a pale shade of brown. This toast is particularly grateful to people of delicate digestion, but is so appetizing that it has become a fad to lovers of dainty living. It may also be served at luncheon with fruit. Housekeepers who find themselves at the mercy of a country butcher should call to mind the French method of "improving" tough meat. An impossible beef steak, for instance, may be transformed into one that is tender and juicy if it is allowed to stand over night in a mixture of vinegar and salad oil in equal parts. For a three-pound steak half a cupful of the mixture should be put in a crockery plate or dish large enough to spread the meat out in it. Prepare this early in the evening and before retiring turn the steak. What is left of the mixture should be bottled for the next time. Don't use salt or pepper while it is in the oil and vinegar.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stuffed Cabbage—Cut out the stalk end of a head of cabbage, leaving a hollow shell. Chop two pounds of uncooked beef and onion; add one cupful of bread crumbs, one beaten egg, salt, pepper and mace. Shape into balls, arrange in the cabbage, add strips of sweet pepper and steam until the cabbage is tender. Serve with tomato sauce.

Ox Tail Soup—Fry two cut tails until brown in two tablespoonfuls of butter with two onions; then put in kettle, add four quarts of water and simmer slowly four hours. Add one carrot, one turnip, one tablespoonful of celery, chopped fine, four cloves, one teaspoonful of salt and one of pepper. Cook another hour and strain. Remove grease. Serve with each portion some of the finest joints of the tails and a couple of slices of lemon garnished with parsley.

Potatoes au Gratin—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices a quarter of an inch thick. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, and when melted add one tablespoonful of flour, half a pint of milk and stir until boiling. Take from the fire, add the yolk of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Fill a baking dish with layers of the potatoes and sauce alternately, beginning with the sauce; cover the top with bread crumbs and brown in a quick oven.

Ice Block Salad—Smooth a block of ice with a hot iron, making a cavity in the centre. Fill this with crisp lettuce and hearts of tender celery cut in tiny pieces; add slices of winter radishes and small raw clams. Season with salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of dry mustard and one of horse-radish and the juice of two lemons. Place on several thicknesses of cloth on a deep platter, wreath with green foliage and serve at once. Try serving your green salad in this way. Note its delicate coolness, its attractive possibilities and its effect on the guests.

The Sleep of Lions and Tigers.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungle, and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

The national debt of Norway amounts to about \$60,000,000.



Color Scheme For a House Place.

A house place in a modern dwelling is upholstered in moss green and a tender gray, the color of lichens and of granite rock. The walls are covered with moss green burlap, which ascends as high as the "plate rail." Above this the wall is covered by a frieze of gray burlap. The green willow easy chairs are fitted with moss-green velvet covered cushions. The window seat is fitted with lichen, gray and moss-covered cushions. The rug on the floor is of mixed rock-gray and moss green. These colors blend together very well.

Hash.

Of all culinary terms the word hash has come to have about as much opprobrium attached to it as any. Nevertheless, hash itself remains popular, with reason, for when properly made it is one of the best of dishes. As generally used the word indicates a mixture of cold corned beef and cold boiled potatoes cooked together, and the appellation comes in because of the fact that the sinewy bits of meat are those that fall to the hash. But hash can be varied. It can be made of various kinds of meat and of various sorts of vegetables; it can be stewed or fried, it can be served with eggs or without. It can be improved with tomato sauce.

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Remarkable Air Test of the Fulton Submarine Boat.

JULES VERNE'S "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" does not seem such a startling excursion into the domain of fancy after all in view of the achievement of the Holland submarine torpedo boat Fulton, which lay at the bottom of Peconic Bay, off the company's plant at New Suffolk, L. I., for fifteen hours on a recent Saturday night.

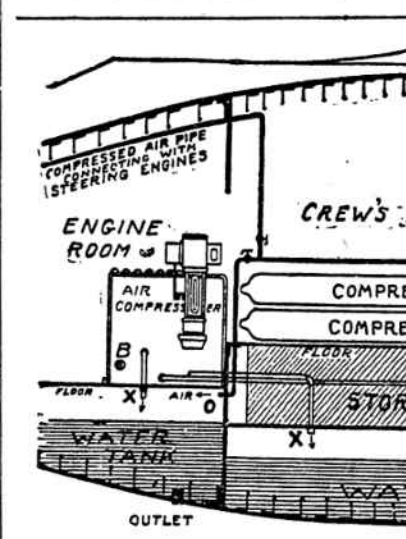
All preparations for the test were in order early on Saturday evening and at 7.30 there passed down through her companionway, forward of the turret, Rear-Admiral John Lowe, retired; Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Com-

mander of the torpedo boat Winslow; Captain Frank T. Cable, navigator for the Holland Company; John Wilson, machinist; John Saunders, engineer, and Henry Morrell, electrician. The heavy iron hatch was closed over them and after it was securely fastened, the Fulton sank slowly, steadily and evenly out of sight. Before going down the men had eaten a hearty dinner and had with them their luncheon and breakfast. Sunday morning promptly at 10.30, the huge craft rose to the surface so suddenly as almost to startle the many people who had gathered on the shore to witness the finish of the test. The conning tower was not opened for several minutes after the Fulton came to the surface, so one of the workmen swung out to her by the derrick and peered in through the heavy glass windows, then shouted

to take our observations. Using our electricity economically we could do this. Our motor is of seventy-horse power, but our 140-horse power gas engine would carry us further. It is only a question of the supplies we can carry."

Captain Cable believes that he has found a way to solve the problem of protecting the occupants of a submarine boat from the danger of asphyxiation while under water. The most serious objection to the use of submarine boats is the danger of suffocation from the fumes generated by the gasoline engine used to propel the boat on the surface and to furnish power for the dynamo which produces the electricity stored for lighting and for submarine propulsion.

While no serious results have so far followed the presence of the gas in the Holland boats, it is always feared, mainly because its presence cannot be detected by any means at



MIDSHIP SECTION OF HOLLAND SUBMARINE BOAT, SHOWING USE OF COMPRESSED AIR.

The air is held in air flasks under pressure of over 2000 pounds to the square inch. The automatic valve allows sufficient air to escape to keep the air pure and breathable. When the air from the flasks is used to pump water from the tanks it is turned on and passes through pipes shown in black lines, and enters water tanks at O O O, filling the tanks with air, forcing the water out at the bottom of tank at outlets. If they use the air compressor it pumps air out of the boat next to the floor, and this foul air is pumped into the tanks at X X X, and forces water out. It can also be pumped out at the outlet B.

men who spent a night under water in the submarine boat Fulton.

John Wilson, mate; Frank T. Cable, captain; H. H. Morrell, electrician; Lieutenant MacArthur, standing.

John Saunders, engineer, and Charles Bergh, boatswain, seated.

ashore that all was well. When the tower cover opened Captain Cable's head was the first thrust up to view. He saluted the watchers who had been ashore all night, and remarked that if he had known the weather was so very bad above water he would have remained under a while longer. The vessel was six feet under water, and the occupants were not aware of the terrific storm that raged above. Captain Cable said:

"We had no apparatus to indicate the condition of the atmosphere, but depended on our own feelings. The boat is over sixty-three feet long and it was the ordinary air of the interior that we breathed. We had a good supply of literature and enough food to furnish us two good meals. We played euchre a little and spun yarns. The work done by the French and English submarine boats was discussed. This test exceeds anything accomplished by the other boats. We have done something never done in the world before. We need not have come up as soon as we did, but the fifteen hours were over and that was the time record we had set out to make. I believe that with the twelve flasks we could have stayed down there three months."

"We have proved that we can stay



THE FULTON GOING AT FULL SPEED ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

under water for fifteen hours. Our motor will carry us 140 miles, so it would be possible to go right from New Suffolk to New York City and travel the entire distance under water, coming to the surface only occasionally.

A baboon, the regimental pet of the North Corn Rifles during the whole period of their active service in South Africa, has arrived in Dublin, and has been lodged in the Zoological Gardens Phoenix Park.

Garment for Dress and Comfort.

The edges of the vest may be secured within the pockets, and the garment used as a half-lined coat during the warmest portion of the day, and should the evening be cooler the vest may be buttoned about the wearer, giving him a more dressy appearance, and affording more protection than as the garment was worn during the heat of the day. The arrangement of the vest is such that whether the fronts are buttoned about the wearer or folded in the pockets, the front edges of the coat are at all times free, and may be buttoned or left open the same as an ordinary coat.

Combined Coat and Vest.

Generally gentlemen do not care to appear in public without the usual coat and vest. In warm weather this extra vest is annoying, and men frequently resort to the expedient of simply unbuttoning it, and permitting it to remain in this unsightly condition. By using the garment shown in the illustration the vest may be dispensed with whenever desired, and when not in use is practically entirely out of view, nothing being visible which would indicate that the coat is a combination garment. The idea is to attach the front half of a vest to the inside of the coat at the side seams, enabling the wearer to turn the fronts back and insert them in pockets in the rear of the coat. The advantages of a garment of this construction for use in warm weather will be obvious.

Folding Decoy.

The gunner traveling over the country from one spot to another finds the transportation of his decoys a serious matter. While their weight is not great, their bulk is considerable, and a large box is required to accommodate a small number of the decoys. A

A Statue With Parasol.

A bronze statue of a lady carrying a parasol is rather unusual among works of art, but such a casting has

ODDEST OF ALL MAUSOLEUMS.

IN civilization as well as in savagery man has indulged weird fancies in his ornamentalizations of the sepulcher. Even in the most barbarous climes and times much thought was given to embellishments of the graves of beloved dead. Many of the wonders of the world have been sarcophagi. The Pyramids are but repositories for the bones of Egyptian royalty; the Catacombs vast sleeping cars for the Romans' and early Christians' last dreamless slumber. Throughout the world, by the side of his arches of triumph, man has erected mausoleums and tombs.

In the heart of Vermont, in the shadow of the snow-clad or moss-mantled Green Mountains, stands a unique sepulcher erected by, devoted wealth, at the cost of many thousands of dollars, called the Laurel Glen Mausoleum. Throughout that part of New England known as the Marble State, the name of Cuttignoville stands only for this mausoleum; the rude hamlet has but one pride, one distinction, it holds a tomb! Is this symbolic of a dying State, whose population is deserting its hills and dales to help colonize the whole country?

An opulent New Yorker had sought solitude in this picturesque village for several summers, and had built for his use a splendid mansion. But his last loved one was taken away by death, and the only consolation remaining was to leave his history in marble. And so John P. Bowman erected a magnificent memorial to his family, which is now visited by tourists from all parts of the country.

A whole year's time and the labor of 125 men were employed upon this Greek temple, reared amid the green shrubbery in this lovely valley among the mountains which encompass Vermont. In this tomb were used 175 tons of granite, fifty tons of marble

and 120,000 bricks. Its dimensions are 18 by 25 feet, and it is twenty feet high. Each block of granite weighs from three to six tons. The exterior decorations are Greek foliage with a laurel frieze. Within the portal is closed by a granite door of one slab weighing 6500 pounds.

But the conspicuous and greswome feature of this mausoleum is the life-sized statue of Mr. Bowman himself, standing hat in hand, with one foot upon the step, about to enter the tomb. He holds a wreath of marble immortelles, and a huge key with which to unlock the chamber of death. Within, upon pedestals, are busts of himself, his wife, his beautiful daughter, and in the centre, his baby, its plump limbs sinking into a cushion, its chubby arms extended to its mother, cold and rigid in unresponsive marble. These were wrought in Italy from finest Parian marble (as was his own figure) and are of immense value.

Two long mirrors give the illusion of vast corridors filled with busts and statues of dazzling whiteness. By this optical illusion thirty halls may be seen. Rich sculptures, bronze traceries and ornaments fill the sepulcher.

A nightly illumination is produced by six bronze candelabra, bearing pyramids of wax candles, which shed a weird light and give a solemn atmosphere to this place of death.

Upon a rolling terrace, conspicuous from all directions, stands this mausoleum, yet never going beyond the threshold. Rare exotics adorn the lawn in summer and a conservatory is kept up solely for the decoration of the tomb in winter.

The cost of this sarcophagus is supposed to be enormous, but no records can be discovered. The founder left \$50,000 for the sole purpose of having the grounds and the tomb cared for perpetually. Six trustees guard this legacy, and one of their number enjoys the castle once occupied by the Bowman family. It faces the mortuary, and in it are the elegant furnishings just as they were used by the erratic owner. Oriental colors, wood work in pale blues, reds and blacks statues and relics brought from Italy to the region of deep snows, speak of a luxury foreign to austere and provincial Vermont.

The tomb was completed before the death of the founder. What melan- choly satisfaction he experienced in viewing his own marble image for ever ascending the steps that led to the cold clay and colder marble pre- sentments of his wife and children can only be surmised. He has made the village nestled in the mountains under the shadow of Killington a point for curiosity seekers, and the life and death story of his own obscure family well-nigh imperishable. Perhaps to have done this seemed to him worthy of having lived.—Winifred Harper Cooley.

The Kind of Gun Desired.

A rapid-fire gun with a range of 6000 yards has been invented by an Englishman. It will shoot around a kopje and it may help.—Minneapolis Times.

The date palm now flourishes in Arizona, even in soils heavily impregnated with alkali.

THE PRESIDENT'S COACHMAN.

A cockade of red, white and blue is the most noticeable feature of the new White House livery, although the National colors are in evidence throughout the costume in which the President's coachman and footman appeared for the first time.

The coats and the trousers are of heavy dark blue vicuna, the best qual-

ity of goods obtainable being used. The outer seams of the trousers are bound with a white cord.

The long paddock driving coat, which terminates midway between knee and ankle, is of "military" cut and has a snug waist and broad, square shoulders. The skirt has a decided flare. Down the front from the tight-fitting, narrow collar to the waistline run parallel lines of silver buttons.

Underneath the coat is worn a long-sleeved tunic of the same material as the other garments and fastened in front by a single row of silver buttons.

Mrs. Roosevelt selected the material and the pattern for the livery. The order was given to a fashionable New York livery tailor.

Henry Perrin, the President's coachman, and Reeder, the footman, were highly elated when, clad for the first time in their new livery, they mounted the box of the smart new surrey and took Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt for a drive.

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Lost the Bet.

"Hello, Central!"
"Hello!"
"How would you call 'Ma' hundred and 'leven'?"
"What?"
"Four ones?"
"What do you want?"
"Or would you say 'one, one, one, one'?"
"I don't quite catch you. Say it again."
"Or would it be one thousand one hundred and eleven?"
"Can't you speak plainer?"
"I'm asking you how to call Main eleven hundred and eleven. Get that?"
"O, you mean one, one, double one?"
"Thanks."
"Here it is."
"Here what is?"
"Main, one, one, double one."
"Oh, I didn't want to talk to anybody. I only wanted to find out to settle a bet, how you would call that particular number. I've lost. Good bye."

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In the heart of Vermont, in the shadow of the snow-clad or moss-mantled Green Mountains, stands a unique sepulcher erected by, devoted wealth, at the cost of many thousands of dollars, called the Laurel Glen Mausoleum. Throughout that part of New England known as the Marble State, the name of Cuttignoville stands only for this mausoleum; the rude hamlet has but one pride, one distinction, it holds a tomb! Is this symbolic of a dying State, whose population is deserting its hills and dales to help colonize the whole country?

An opulent New Yorker had sought solitude in this picturesque village for several summers, and had built for his use a splendid mansion. But his last loved one was taken away by death, and the only consolation remaining was to leave his history in marble. And so John P. Bowman erected a magnificent memorial to his family, which is now visited by tourists from all parts of the country.

A whole year's time and the labor of 125 men were employed upon this Greek temple, reared amid the green shrubbery in this lovely valley among the mountains which encompass Vermont. In this tomb were used 175 tons of granite, fifty tons of marble

and 120,000 bricks. Its dimensions are 18 by 25 feet, and it is twenty feet high. Each block of granite weighs from three to six tons. The exterior decorations are Greek foliage with a laurel frieze. Within the portal is closed by a granite door of one slab weighing 6500 pounds.

But the conspicuous and greswome feature of this mausoleum is the life-sized statue of Mr. Bowman himself, standing hat in hand, with one foot upon the step, about to enter the tomb. He holds a wreath of marble immortelles, and a huge key with which to unlock the chamber of death. Within, upon pedestals, are busts of himself, his wife, his beautiful daughter, and in the centre, his baby, its plump limbs sinking into a cushion, its chubby arms extended to its mother, cold and rigid in unresponsive marble. These were wrought in Italy from finest Parian marble (as was his own figure) and are of immense value.

Two long mirrors give the illusion of vast corridors filled with busts and statues of dazzling whiteness. By this optical illusion thirty halls may be seen. Rich sculptures, bronze traceries and ornaments fill the sepulcher.

A nightly illumination is produced by six bronze candelabra, bearing pyramids of wax candles, which shed a weird light and give a solemn atmosphere to this place of death.

Upon a rolling terrace, conspicuous from all directions, stands this mausoleum, yet never going beyond the threshold. Rare exotics adorn the lawn in summer and a conservatory is kept up solely for the decoration of the tomb in winter.

The cost of this sarcophagus is supposed to be enormous, but no records can be discovered. The founder left \$50,000 for the sole purpose of having the grounds and the tomb cared for perpetually. Six trustees guard this legacy, and one of their number enjoys the castle once occupied by the Bowman family. It faces the mortuary, and in it are the elegant furnishings just as they were used by the erratic owner. Oriental colors, wood work in pale blues, reds and blacks statues and relics brought from Italy to the region of deep snows, speak of a luxury foreign to austere and provincial Vermont.

The tomb was completed before the death of the founder. What melan- choly satisfaction he experienced in viewing his own marble image for ever ascending the steps that led to the cold clay and colder marble pre- sentments of his wife and children can only be surmised. He has made the village nestled in the mountains under the shadow of Killington a point for curiosity seekers, and the life and death story of his own obscure family well-nigh imperishable. Perhaps to have done this seemed to him worthy of having lived.—Winifred Harper Cooley.

The Kind of Gun Desired.

A rapid-fire gun with a range of 6000 yards has been invented by an Englishman. It will shoot around a kopje and it may help.—Minneapolis Times.

The date palm now flourishes in Arizona, even in soils heavily impregnated with alkali.

THE PRESIDENT'S COACHMAN.

A cockade of red, white and blue is the most noticeable feature of the new White House livery, although the National colors are in evidence throughout the costume in which the President's coachman and footman appeared for the first time.

The coats and the trousers are of heavy dark blue vicuna, the best qual-

ity of goods obtainable being used. The outer seams of the trousers are bound with a white cord.

The long paddock driving coat, which terminates midway between knee and ankle, is of "military" cut and has a snug waist and broad, square shoulders. The skirt has a decided flare. Down the front from the tight-fitting, narrow collar to the waistline run parallel lines of silver buttons.

Underneath the coat is worn a long-sleeved tunic of the same material as the other garments and fastened in front by a single row of silver buttons.

Mrs. Roosevelt selected the material and the pattern for the livery. The order was given to a fashionable New York livery tailor.

Henry Perrin, the President's coachman, and Reeder, the footman, were highly elated when, clad for the first time in their new livery, they mounted the box of the smart new surrey and took Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt for a drive.

Folding Decoy.

The gunner traveling over the country from one spot to another finds the transportation of his decoys a serious matter. While their weight is not great, their bulk is considerable, and a large box is required to accommodate a small number of the decoys. A

A Statue With Parasol.

A bronze statue of a lady carrying a parasol is rather unusual among works of art, but such a casting has

Lost the Bet.

"Hello, Central!"
"Hello!"
"How would you call 'Ma' hundred and 'leven'?"
"What?"
"Four ones?"
"What do you want?"
"Or would you say 'one, one, one, one'?"
"I don't quite catch you. Say it again."
"Or would it be one thousand one hundred and eleven?"
"Can't you speak plainer?"
"I'm asking you how to call Main eleven hundred and eleven. Get that?"
"O, you mean one, one, double one?"
"Thanks."
"Here it is."
"Here what is?"
"Main, one, one, double one."
"Oh, I didn't want to talk to anybody. I only wanted to find out to settle a bet, how you would call that particular number. I've lost. Good bye."

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